

# A FREE VOICE FROM THE SOUTH.

## Appeal of a Georgian Slaveholder to the Manhood of the Free States.

ATLANTA, Ga., Thursday, Sept. 11, 1856.  
It is quite clear that the people of the Free States are not infatuated in favor of Slavery. Few could be found there who would be willing to have Slavery become a darling "institution" in their own States. The freemen of the North who are opposing FREMONT—many of them—are doing so, not because they believe he would not make a good President, but because they are fearful the insane fury of Slavery will plunge the country into civil war,—if the iron sceptre is broken.

Persons who are thus alarmed have given more attention to the menaces of the giant and to the rattling of his armor, than they have given to the silent power of human nature—which, at the trying hour, will rise up with a sling and defy the insolent Philistine. Do the people of the North believe that a servile press and a servile representation in Congress, are an index to the human heart at the South? Do the people of the free and intelligent North believe that all their brethren at the South are slaves? Do they suppose that our freemen have been so long familiar with the chain that they will quietly submit to have it coiled about their own limbs?

The Maker of men has given them faculties and instincts which even Slavery itself cannot destroy,—much less can the shadow of Slavery spoil and subdue them. There are souls at the South as well as muscles. There is reason here, as well as sophistry. There is conscience here, as well as interest and pride. There are thinking MEN here as well as echoes of an insolent power. There is a pulse of freedom here. There are hearts here ready to perish in the cause of Liberty and the Union. There are gallantry and conduct here to lead freemen to the field. Religion and genius are here, clamorous for expression. There is manhood here, which holds out its white but manacled hand to greet the free and progressive brotherhood of the North.

Is there no spirit at the North? Is the rule of the Union to be forever conceded to the duelist—the bully—the assassin—the barbarism of bygone ages? Is there to be no subject discussed in Congress but the beauty of Slavery, and the pusillanimity of Northern freemen? Is Slavery to be allowed forever to dictate her own terms, through the Federal Senate to the Federal House of Representatives? Are the representatives of freemen at the North to be spit upon and beaten, in order to make the Capitol of the Nation a Colosseum of gladiators instead of a council-house of a Christian Republic? Are the sons of the men who fell at Bunker Hill and Saratoga so startled at the thought of powder and blood that they are willing to be the foot-balls of an insolent oligarchy forever?

Your brother freemen at the South are your fellow-sufferers. We appeal to you now, in this hour, to wake up and emancipate yourselves, your children and your white brethren at the South. We at the South can do nothing in this fight at the ballot-box. We can only encourage you with the assurance of our hearts being with you now, and of our arms being with you in the field, if need be. We make this pledge—not as traitors to our homes, but as patriots, as freemen, as loyal citizens, who are resolved to stand by the Constitution and the laws of their country.

In the names of WASHINGTON and JEFFERSON! in the name of the author of *reason*! let us try to be a nation of MEN—rational men—instead of a nation of parrots and dogs. We have twaddled about rights until three-fourths of our people have ceased to have rights that are respected by power. We have huzzaed for freedom and become a nation of slaves. We have cherished and vaunted the name of Democracy till it has crystallized into a chain that fetters our industry, and commerce, and art, and genius, and religion.

Let us become a nation of rational men. Let us send the schoolmaster into parts that have never known him. Let us turn the canes of South Carolina into ferrules of the pedagogue. Let us remove the nightmare from Southern statesmanship and teach it the language of Ashland, and Monticello, and Marshfield, instead of the dialect of Sierra Leone. Let us show it that the laws of a Republic must reflect the will of the whole people, and not the plantations of a few aristocrats. Let us show it that its mask of wind, and blood, and disunion cannot terrify the true Democracy of the land.

Let us become a nation of rational men.  
Let us teach every State in this Confederacy that the Constitution of this Republic is not gossamer to be the sport of every breeze of local interest and passion. The broad land is ours with all its rivers and lakes, and bays and oceans. The monuments that tell of valor and of proud achievements are ours. The spirit of freemen assembled these States, and the blood of freemen shall hold them together.

But I have already said enough to entitle me to twenty challenges and a few canings—if I were a member of Congress. As I am a simple freeman, I have no right to expect any honor above a cow-hide or a tar-barrel. It is perhaps time for me to be satisfied with courting dignities. Yet, as my generosity need not be afraid of monopolizing these franchises,—since many of them are reserved for the champions of reason and the defenders of white Freedom in other latitudes,—I will go on and endeavor to add expatriation to the list of chivalrous testimonies that are to reward me.

It used to be the fashion for the representatives of the people to canvass men and measures without reserve. It was then the notion that the public welfare was altogether paramount to the interest, the dignity or the personal ends of individuals. The Butlers and the Brookses of the olden time were not regarded as the lords of *this* seigniory, or the patent proprietaries of *that* dominion in chivalry. They had nothing personal but their liberty—which their associate representatives were bound to respect. Measures proposed—language in debate—the motives of members were open to comment, dissection and exposure, for the benefit of the public. Men were considered according to their worth: the measure of their worth was their talents, their culture, their powers of reasoning and their eloquence,—qualities all useful to the country. Mr. BUTLER would have passed then, as he now passes, for an old white-headed gentleman who loves negroes, and kept South Carolina from a silly secession experiment in 1851. Mr. BROOKS then would have passed, as he now passes, for a member of the House from the Palmetto State, who has the acuteness to discover the *strongest* argument in favor of Slavery, and the prowess to illustrate it, appropriately, in the Senate Chamber, and who is remarkable for his progressive tendencies in any direction *except* Niagara. He would have been esteemed then, as now, for the appropriate testimonials which the slaves of Columbia united with their masters and mistresses in awarding to their champion at Washington, and which aptly denoted the intelligent, refined, and enlightened appreciation of his worth, by a common spontaneity.

Let us inaugurate this old state of things. To do this we need spill no blood, nor expend a dollar from the Treasury. All we have to do is to VOTE for the embodiment of right principles. The noble child of chivalry who has, through poverty and persecution—through mountain and plain—through peril and suffering—through heat and cold—through Slavery and Freedom—through all the disciplines of manhood,—become the cosmopolitan representative of the soul of America;—he it is for whom our suffrages should be cast. He will restore peace to our distracted country. He will recognize Freedom, as well as Slavery, as one of the interests to be cared for in this Republic. While

he will leave the chain upon the negro of the South, he will unshackle the genius and energies of the white man in every part of the land.

GOD—LIBERTY—FREMONT!  
Let this be our watchword. Let this be inscribed upon our ballots in November. ARISTIDES.